

The Comical Historie of

He pleyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him Iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke him selfe, and the Magnificos
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of Iustice, and his Bond.

Iess. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his countrey-men,
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my lord,
If Law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deereft friend to mee, the kindest man,
The best conditiond and unwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in *Italy*.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand Ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend;
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an unquiet scule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as Maides and Widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet

the Merchant of Venice.

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors grow
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleerd between you
and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your
pleasure, if your love do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love I dispatch all businesse and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt us twaine.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Jew, and Salerio, and Antonio,
and the Taylor.*

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Taylor, looke to him.

Anth. Heare me yet good *Shyllocke*,

Jew. He have my bond, speak not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me Iustice; I do wonder
Thou naughty Taylor that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

An. I pray thee heare me speak.

Jew. He have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
He have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
He not be made a soft and dull eyde foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To christian intercessors: follow not.

He have no speaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Jew.*

Sol. It is the most impenetrable cure
That ever kept with men.

An. Let him alone,

He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.
He seeks my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliverd him his forfeitures.

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